#10
RECOMMENDED FOR MATURE READERS
PETER BAGGE'S
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HATE
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HATE #10 • FALL 1992 • CREATED BY PETER "FUCKWAD OF THE HIGHEST ORDER" BAGGE • EDITED BY KIM THOMPSON PRODUCTION BY PAT MORIARITY • FRONT COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID "STRETCHPANTS" CARRINO • TYPESETTER: GIL JORDAN • CIRCULATION: S. KINGSFORD & C. KRESNY • PROMOTION: LARRY REID • BACK COVER COLOR SEPS BY RAYSON FILMS • FRONT COVER COLOR SEPS AND PRINTING BY PORT PUBS. • PUBLISHED BY GARY GROTH AND KIM THOMPSON

"THE WOMAN THAT BUDDY DESERVES" BY NICOLE EISENMAN OF NYC, NY

EDITORIAL • ONCE YOU START A-PLUGGIN' THERE JUST AIN'T NO STOPPIN' DEPT.: I KNEW I'D FORGET TO TOUT A FEW WELL-DESERVING TITLES IN MY PLUG-A-THON LAST ISSUE, AND SURE ENOUGH, POOR OL' DENNIS WORDEN PURT' MUCH BLEW A GASKET OVER THE FACT THAT I OVERLOOKED HIS ALWAYS EXCELLENT *STICKBOY* COMIC. (CONTRARY TO WHAT I HAD HEARD, *STICKBOY* WILL CONTINUE TO BE PUBLISHED BY REVOLUTIONARY COMICS.) SO, NOW THAT THAT HEINOUS OVERSIGHT HAS BEEN CORRECTED, "WORDO" CAN CONCENTRATE ON MORE IMPORTANT THINGS, LIKE BURNING THE WARTS OFF HIS BUTT. . . LIKEWISE, I FORGOT TO MENTION R.L. CRABB'S *ADVENTURES ON THE FRINGE*, THE LATEST ENTRY IN THE MY-LIFE'S-SO-FUCKED-UP-YOU-WON'T-BELIEVE-IT SWEEPSTAKES, PUBLISHED BY THOSE RUDE PEOPLE AT FANTAGRAPHICS. *PLUS* KEEP YOUR PEEPERS PEELED FOR AN ANTHOLOGY TITLE CALLED *MONKEYWRENCH*, PUBLISHED ON CALIBER'S NEW "ICONOGRAFIX" IMPRINT. I WAS VERY IMPRESSED WITH IT, ESPECIALLY WITH THE LEAD STORY BY EDITOR ED BRUBAKER AND SCOTT MUSGROVE IMITATOR BRIAN SENDELBACH. (THERE'S *LOTS* OF IMPRESSIVE TITLES COMING OUT ON ICONOGRAFIX, SO MAKE SURE YOUR DEALER IS WISE TO 'EM!) • THE FUNNIEST FANZINE I'VE COME ACROSS IN QUITE A WHILE IS THIS PIECE OF INSANITY CALLED *HAPPYLAND*, PUBLISHED AND EDITED BY A YOUNG, UNABASHED PORN HOUND AND LESBIAN WORSHIPPER NAMED "SELWYN HARRIS," WITH HELP FROM HIS CRETINOUS ROOMMATE "FISCHEL BOCEPHUS." MR. HARRIS IS *UNMATCHED* WHEN IT COMES TO MAKING ENEMIES AND DESCRIBING HIS JERK-OFF HABITS! SEND $2.00 TO: 350 6TH AVE. #4, BROOKLYN, NY, 11215. . . • ON A MUCH, *MUCH* MORE DEPRESSING NOTE, SEND A COUPLE OF BUCKS TO: MR. ED, P.O. BOX 50454, AUSTIN, TX, 78763-0454, AND ASK FOR A SAMPLING OF THE DIGEST-SIZED "RAISED BY WOLVES" SERIES, WHEREIN THE AUTHOR RECALLS THRU PROSE, COMICS, + POETRY THE ABSOLUTELY *HORRIFYING* THINGS HIS PARENTS DID TO HIM AS A KID. AND YOU THOUGHT *YOU* HAD PROBLEMS! • AND, FINALLY, IF AFTER READING THE BACK COVER OF THIS COMIC BOOK YOU FIND A DESIRE TO SAMPLE THE ETCHINGS OF THIS ISSUE'S "STINKY DATE," JESSICA ABEL, YOU MAY DO SO BY SENDING TWO DOLLARS FOR A COPY OF THE SELF-PUBLISHED COMIC BOOK *ART BABE* (2682 PRAIRIE, EVANSTON, IL 60201), AND BE PREPARED TO BE *VERY IMPRESSED*! ADIOS! • —P.B.

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BUDDY BRADLEY in
"The NUT"
©1992 BY P. BAGGE
RING! RING! RING!
RING! RING! RING!
ARRRGH..., F@#©N' PHONE...
YOU ANSWER IT, GEORGE...
WHY SHOULD I ANSWER IT? I DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS...
...AND NOW FOR OUR FEATURE, "SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS."
CHOMP!
CHOMP!
COLA
TACO SLUDGE
COLA
RING! RING! RING!
@#☼Z!!... CURSE MUTTER SWEAR...
SLOBBER!
SLORSH!
HELLO?
HELLO, BUDDY? THIS IS LISA...HEY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR VOICE?
CHOMP! CHOMP!
I'M EATING MY DINNER!
EWWW, YOU SOUND GROSS!...ANYWAY, I'M CALLING YOU TO ASK FOR A FAVOR...
SPLUTTER! SPLUT!

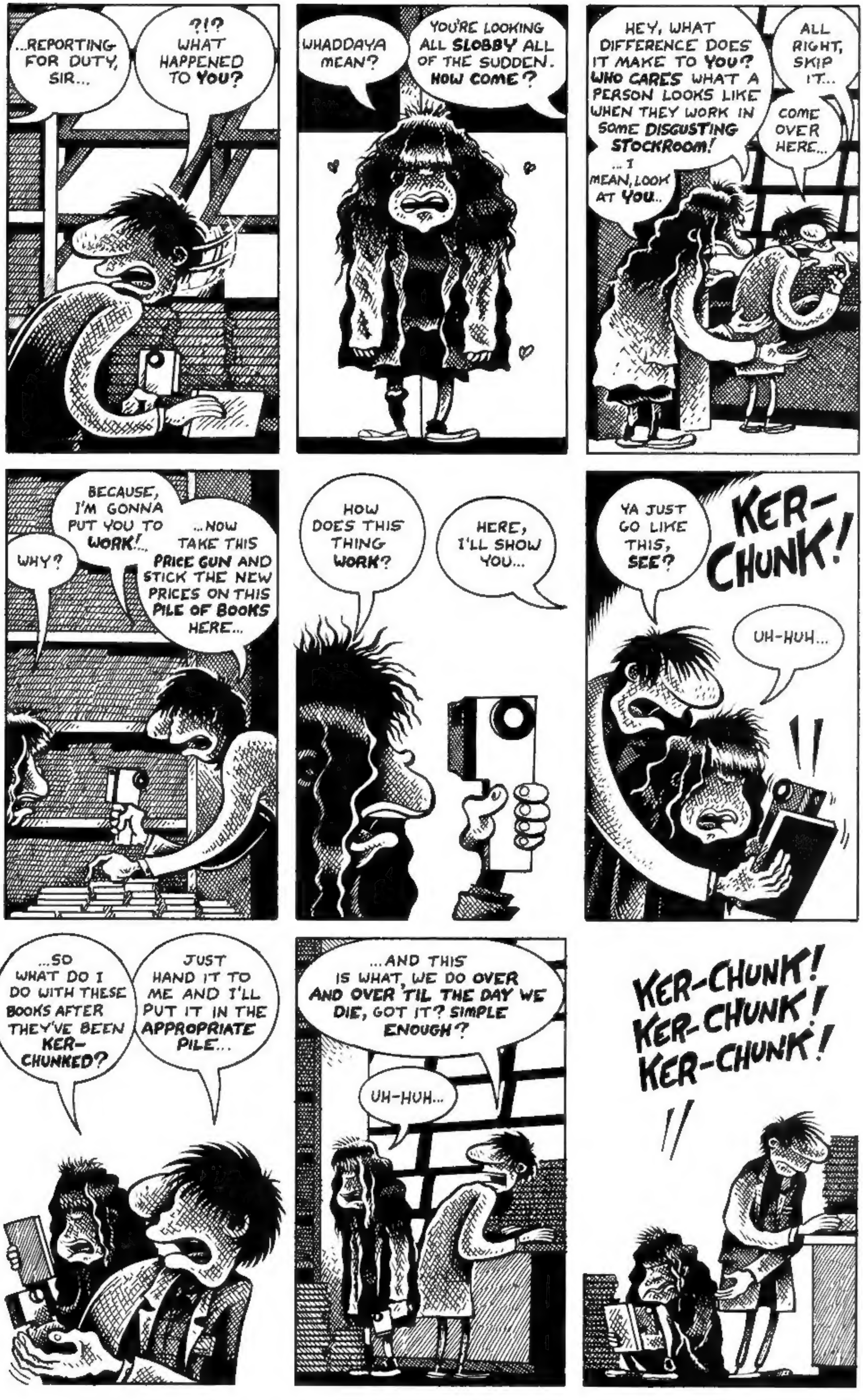
UH-OH...
...I SAW A "HELP WANTED" SIGN OUTSIDE THE USED BOOKSTORE YOU WORK AT, AND I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD HELP ME GET A JOB THERE...
WHY? WHADDAYA NEED ME FOR? JUST GO IN AND APPLY! THEY AIN'T PICKY!
I KNOW, BUT THEY ALWAYS ASK FOR REFERENCES, AND I'VE BEEN FIRED FROM EVERY JOB I'VE EVER HAD!
REALLY? GEE, THAT'S PRETTY BAD...
WELL, IT'S NOT ALL BAD, 'CAUSE THEN I GET TO COLLECT UN-EMPLOYMENT, BUT NOW IT'S ALMOST UP AGAIN AND I'M STARTING TO PANIC...
WELL I'M SORRY TO HEAR IT, BUT WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT IT?
THAT'S EASY! ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS LIE FOR ME! JUST TELL 'EM THAT I USED TO WORK FOR YOU, AND...
CHOMP!
SAY WHAT?!
NO, LISTEN, BUDDY! MY PLAN IS SIMPLE! JUST HEAR ME OUT...
HELL NO! I'M NOT GONNA REHEARSE SOME ELABORATE SCHEME! I'LL JUST TELL THE MANAGER THAT YOU'RE A SWELL GAL AND THAT HE OUGHT TO HIRE YOU AND THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH!
JUST TRY TO DRESS NICE AND TRY TO ACT NORMAL WHEN YOU COME IN FOR YOUR INTER-VIEW...
OHHHH... I DON'T KNOW..
WHAT?! WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
...I'M SCARED...
WHAT'S THERE TO BE SCARED OF? IT'S JUST A DUMB OLD JOB!
LIKE I SAID BEFORE THEY'RE NOT VERY PICKY! THEY HIRED ME, DIDN'T THEY?
HMMMM... THAT'S TRUE...
OKAY, I'LL BE THERE TOMORROW! SEE YOU THEN!
CLICK!
?

WHO WAS ON THE PHONE?
THAT WAS LISA. SHE WANTS ME TO HELP HER GET A JOB AT THE BOOK-STORE...
REALLY? SO ARE YOU GOING TO?
PLOP!
SURE. WHY NOT?
—MAN, THIS STUFF IS INEDIBLE ONCE IT GETS COLD...
"WHY NOT"? BUDDY, THAT WOMAN IS A NUTCASE!
— OR HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED?
SO SHE'S A NUT, SO WHAT? HOW IS THAT ANY OF MY CONCERN?
"NOW"? I...I...
OH, FORGET IT!
TOSS!
ALL RIGHT, LOOK— MY JOB'S BEEN GETTING PRETTY BORING LATELY, AND I FIGURE THAT HAVING SOMEONE LIKE LISA AROUND MIGHT AT LEAST LIVEN THINGS UP A BIT...
BESIDES, I'VE KNOWN LISA FOR A LONG TIME, AND I KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH HER WHEN SHE GETS OUT OF HAND...
SHE'S NOT THAT BAD...
"NOT THAT BAD," HUH? SOUNDS LIKE FAMOUS LAST WORDS TO ME...
...MIGHT I RESERVE THE RIGHT TO SAY "I TOLD YOU SO" WHEN YOU WIND UP HAVING TO EAT THOSE WORDS?
RESERVE AWAY, BUT THERE'S REALLY NO NEED...
...I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING...
...*AHEM*...
♫...MEE ME ME ME MEEE... I TOLD YOU SO, I TOLD YOU SO... ME ME ME MEEE ♫...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I'M PRACTICING! HEE-HEE...
GOOD GRIEF! WHAT A NERD!

THE NEXT DAY...
CAN I HELP YOU, SIR?
?
HEY! YOU GOT THE JOB ALREADY, HUH?
Y'SEE? I TOLD YOU IT'D BE EASY!
NO KIDDING! I PROBABLY DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO SHAVE MY LEGS, BUT OH WELL...
SO, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT HERE SO FAR?
I LOVE IT! THEY GOT ME WORKING HERE ON THE MAIN FLOOR FOR NOW, AND I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW MANY GREAT BOOKS THEY HAVE FOR SALE!
...LIKE CHECK OUT THIS BOOK I FOUND IN THE ART SECTION—ALL THE PEOPLE IN IT LOOK LIKE SCARY MONSTERS!
...I COULD LOOK AT THIS BOOK ALL DAY...
UH, YEAH, WELL, YOU BETTER BE COOL ABOUT IT... I MEAN, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE PUTTING BOOKS AWAY AND HELPING THE CUSTOMERS 'N' STUFF...
DIANE ARBUS
HEY, DON'T TELL ME HOW TO DO MY JOB! I KNOW WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO! I DON'T TELL YOU HOW TO RUN THE STOCKROOM, DO I?
HEY, LOOK, I JUST DON'T WANT TO BE HELD RESPONSIBLE IF YOU GET IN TROUBLE...
OH, DON'T WORRY, BUDDY. I WON'T DO ANYTHING TO EMBARRASS YOU, YOU'LL SEE...
GOOD, YOU BETTER NOT...
...NOW GET BACK TO THE BASEMENT WHERE YOU BELONG, YOU LOWLY STOCKROOM LAD!
YEESH! SHE'S EMBARRASSING ME ALREADY!
?

ONE WEEK LATER...
HEY, LISA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING BEHIND THE REGISTER?
THE MANAGER SAID I WAS SPENDING TOO MUCH TIME READING THE BOOKS INSTEAD OF PUTTING THEM AWAY, SO HE STUCK ME BACK HERE AND I HATE IT...
GEE, THAT'S TOO BAD...
ELLIOT IS AN AWFULLY UPTIGHT BOSS, DON'T YOU THINK? AND HE KIND OF GIVES ME THE CREEPS, TOO... DO YOU THINK HE MIGHT BE SOME KIND OF PERVERT OR SOMETHING?
I, UH, REALLY COULDN'T SAY...
EXCUSE ME, MISS, BUT COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE I—
HEY LADY, CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE HAVING A PRIVATE DIS-CUSSION?
GO ASK SOMEONE ELSE!
GULP!
WELL! I NEVER!
CAN YOU BELIEVE THE NERVE OF SOME PEOPLE? I DON'T KNOW WHO'S WORSE: OUR BOSS OR THE STUPID CUSTOMERS!
I'M TELLIN' YA, MAN— RETAIL SUCKS!
YEAH, WELL...
HEY BUD, WANNA SEE SOME-THING FUNNY?
WATCH WHAT THIS REGISTER DOES WHEN I TURN THIS KEY...
WAIT, I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD...
RACKITTY! RACKITTY! RACKITTY! RACKITTY! RACKITTY!
ALL THIS PAPER COMES FLYING OUT, SEE? ISN'T THAT WILD?
LISA!
...THAT'S THE SECOND TIME YOU DID THAT THIS MORNING! DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO LEAVE THAT KEY ALONE?
BUT GEE WHIZ, I CAN'T FIGURE OUT THESE COMPLICATED MACHINES IN ONE DAY! I'M JUST A GIRL!
"JUST A GIRL"—JESUS! JUST A MORON IS MORE LIKE IT!

ANOTHER WEEK LATER...
BUDDY, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU, PLEASE...
GROANN...
...I'M AFRAID YOUR FRIEND LISA JUST ISN'T WORKING OUT, AND I FIGURE THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE TO FIRING HER IS TO HAVE HER WORK BACK HERE UNDER YOUR SUPERVISION...
OH, MAN! WHY ME?
WHY YOU? BECAUSE YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TOLD ME TO HIRE HER IN THE FIRST PLACE!
...HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO RECOMMEND YOU FOR THE NEXT ASSISTANT MANAGERIAL POSITION IF YOU WON'T EVEN TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOUR OWN FRIENDS!
YEAH, WELL, MAYBE I DON'T WANT TO BE AN ASSISTANT MANAGER ANYMORE...
THAT'S YOUR DECISION...JUST KEEP IN MIND THAT THAT'S THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL EVER GET ANOTHER RAISE WHILE WORKING FOR THIS OUTFIT...
AND JUST TRY TO FIND A BETTER PAYING JOB—OR ANY JOB— IN THIS RECESSION...
ARRRGH...I HATE THIS STINKING WORLD SO MUCH...
LOOK, LISA'S A NICE KID, AND I LIKE HER PERSONALLY. IT'S JUST THAT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH HER...
OKAY, OKAY, SEND HER BACK HERE AND I'LL PUT HER TO WORK...
GOOD. I KNEW YOU'D SEE THINGS MY WAY...
OH LISA!...
HEY BUD, WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A GIRL WORKING IN THE STOCK-ROOM?
YEAH, DOES THIS MEAN NO MORE HAIR-RAISINGLY MISOGYNISTIC JOKE-TELLING?
YO BUD, TELL HER THE VANESSA WILLIAMS POSTER STAYS, NO MATTER WHAT!...
SIGH...



...REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR...
?!? WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
WHADDAYA MEAN?
YOU'RE LOOKING ALL SLOBBY ALL OF THE SUDDEN. HOW COME?
HEY, WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE TO YOU? WHO CARES WHAT A PERSON LOOKS LIKE WHEN THEY WORK IN SOME DISGUSTING STOCKROOM! ...I MEAN, LOOK AT YOU..
ALL RIGHT, SKIP IT...
COME OVER HERE...
WHY?
BECAUSE, I'M GONNA PUT YOU TO WORK!...
...NOW TAKE THIS PRICE GUN AND STICK THE NEW PRICES ON THIS PILE OF BOOKS HERE...
HOW DOES THIS THING WORK?
HERE, I'LL SHOW YOU...
YA JUST GO LIKE THIS, SEE?
KER-CHUNK!
UH-HUH...
...SO WHAT DO I DO WITH THESE BOOKS AFTER THEY'VE BEEN KER-CHUNKED?
JUST HAND IT TO ME AND I'LL PUT IT IN THE APPROPRIATE PILE...
...AND THIS IS WHAT WE DO OVER AND OVER 'TIL THE DAY WE DIE, GOT IT? SIMPLE ENOUGH?
UH-HUH...
KER-CHUNK! KER-CHUNK! KER-CHUNK!

MAN, THIS IS A DRAG...
NO KIDDING. THAT'S WHY THEY'RE PAYING US, INSTEAD OF VICE-VERSA...
FUCK YOU.
WHAT DID YOU SAY?!?
...YOU SOUND JUST LIKE MY OLD MAN WHEN YOU UTTER CORNY PLATITUDES LIKE THAT...
I USED TO THINK YOU WERE A REALLY COOL PERSON.... GUESS I WAS WRONG...
NOW JUST ONE MOMENT HERE, I—
HEY, WHY DID YOU JUST DROP THAT BOOK OUT OF THE WINDOW?
HUH? OH, UH, BECAUSE IT HAD A PAGE MISSING... IT WAS UNSALEABLE...
"UNSALEABLE" MY ASS! YOU'RE STEALING THOSE BOOKS, AREN'T YOU?
I RECOGNIZE THAT SHOPPING BAG!
(SHHH! NOT SO LOUD!)
WAIT HERE A SECOND...
I'M GONNA TOSS THIS IN THERE FOR MYSELF...
...I'VE ALWAYS WANTED AN ATLAS, BUT COULD NEVER AFFORD ONE...
?!? NO, DON'T! THAT BOOK'S TOO BIG!
HAMMOND WORLD ATLAS
SPLAT!
BULLSEYE!
GROANNN...
...NOW WHERE DO THEY KEEP THE DICTIONARIES AROUND HERE...
...I-YI-YI...

SIX HOURS LATER...
KER-CHUNK! KER-CHUNK! KER-CHUNK!
!!
FUCK THIS SHIT. I'M NOT DOING THIS ANYMORE.
WHAT?!? BUT, YOU HAVE TO!
TOSS!
FLING!
I DO NOT HAVE TO.
YES YOU DO! IT'S YOUR JOB, LISA! CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?
BUT IT'S SO BORING! I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE! ALL THIS REPETITION IS DRIVING ME NUTS!
I'M NOT CUT OUT FOR THIS TYPE OF WORK!
SO WHO IS?
(PSST! HEY, BUDDY, COME WITH ME FOR A SECOND)...
NOW WHAT?!
TUG! TUG!
JUST FOLLOW ME AND DO AS I SAY!
ARRGH... THIS IS GETTING RIDICULOUS...
SIT THERE!
BUT..
SIT!
?!?
OKAY, SO I'M SITTING. NOW WHAT?

EAT ME!
?!?
(LISA, YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! WHAT IF WE GET CAUGHT?)
WE WON'T GET CAUGHT! WHAT ARE YOU, A SCAREDY CAT?
I'M OFFERING YOU A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY! TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT, BOY!
I-I DUNNO... THIS IS HIGHLY IRREGULAR...
SO IT'S "IRREGULAR", SO WHAT? YOU GOT SOMETHING BETTER TO DO? AREN'T YOU AS BORED AS I AM?
C'MON, SCAREDY CAT! DO IT!
WELL... ALL RIGHT. I GUESS..
SNIFF *SNIFF*
SAY. WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU WASHED DOWN HERE?...
WHAT?!?
SLAP!
HEY!
HOW DARE YOU INSINUATE THAT I'M A "DIRTY BIRD"! I'VE NEVER BEEN SO INSULTED!
JUST FOR THAT I'M TAKING BACK MY OFFER!
YOU'RE INSULTED!? I'M THE ONE WHO'S BEEN GETTING SLAPPED AND SWORN AT AND CALLED NAMES ALL DAY!
IS THAT SO? WELL, I—
WHAT'S GOING ON BACK THERE?!?
UH-OH...
.. WHAT ON EARTH IS ALL THIS SCREAMING ABOUT?
IT'S ALL BUDDY'S FAULT, SIR! I THINK YOU SHOULD FIRE HIM!
NO, FIRE HER! FIRE HER BEFORE SHE PUTS US OUT OF BUSINESS!
SIGH.. COME WITH ME, LISA... WE NEED TO TALK..
(THANKS A LOT, TRAITOR!)
(DON'T MENTION IT, "DIRTY BIRD"!)
RAZZ! RAZZ!

THE NEXT DAY. .
SAY BUDDY, UH, YOU HAVEN'T HEARD FROM LISA THIS MORNING, HAVE YOU?
NO, WHY?
OH, I'M JUST CURIOUS AS TO WHY SHE HASN'T SHOWN UP FOR WORK YET TODAY, SINCE SHE HASN'T CALLED IN SICK...
HUH? YOU MEAN YOU DIDN'T FIRE HER YESTER-DAY?
NAH, I COULDN'T — WHAT I MEAN IS, I...
..ER, LISTEN, COULD I TALK TO YOU IN PRIVATE FOR JUST A MINUTE?..
SURE...
?!?
..BUDDY, SOMETHING PRETTY AMAZING HAPPENED IN HERE YESTER-DAY...
...CAN I TRUST YOU TO KEEP A SECRET?
WHO, ME? YOU BET!
..YOU'RE NOT GONNA BELIEVE THIS, BUT WHILE I WAS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF LECTURING LISA, SHE STARTED INSISTING THAT I PERFORM ORAL SEX ON HER!
YA DON'T SAY!
SO... DID YOU?
WELL, OF COURSE! AND AFTER THAT SHE WENT DOWN ON ME!
NO! REALLY?
YES, AND IT WAS GREAT!!
..BUT AGAIN, IT WAS AT HER INSISTENCE! IT WAS ALL HER IDEA!
I JUST WANT TO MAKE THAT CLEAR, SO YOU WON'T THINK I ABUSED MY POSITION OF AUTHORITY!
DON'T SWEAT IT, I BELIEVE YOU...
SO, YOU HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HER SINCE THEN, EH?
NO, AND I'M WORRIED...
YOU SEE, IN SPITE OF HER OUTRAGEOUS BEHAVIOR, I SENSE THAT SHE'S A WOMAN OF DELICATE SENSIBILITIES...
SOMEONE WHO NEEDS NURTURING, AND.. PRO-TECTION. .
OH? SO, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, EXACTLY?

...AW HECK, I MIGHT AS WELL COME RIGHT OUT AND SAY IT— I'M IN LOVE WITH HER, BUDDY, AND I WANT TO MARRY HER!
THERE, I SAID IT!
YOU WHAT?!? OH JESUS...
OH, AND DO YOU SEE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THAT?
HAVEN'T YOU BEEN LISTENING TO A WORD I'VE BEEN SAYING?
NO! I MEAN YES! I MEAN...
...I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO SAY THAT WE OUGHT TO HAVE HER COMMITTED..
?!?
LATER
EE PARKING
...AND NOW TO SNEAK AROUND TO THE BACK AND RETRIEVE TODAY'S "HAUL"...
(PSST! HEY, BUDDY!)
YIKES!
WHO SAID THAT?
(DOWN HERE! IT'S ME, LISA!)
LISA? WHERE? I DON'T...
OH...
...OH MY GOD! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?!
AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK HERE?!?
PROMISE ME YOU WON'T LAUGH...
USED BOOK EMPORIUM

LAUGH? LISA, THIS IS TRAGIC! LOOK AT YOU!
.. IS THAT A POTATO SACK YOU'RE WEARING?
...DID ELLIOT SAY ANYTHING TO YOU ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY?
YEAH, HE DID...
DID YOU REALLY SUCK HIM OFF JUST TO KEEP FROM BEING FIRED?
MAYBE I DID... WHAT OF IT? IT WORKED, DIDN'T IT?
THERE'S A WORD FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU, YA KNOW...
ALL RIGHT, SO I'M A WHORE! BUT WHAT ELSE WAS I GOING TO DO?!
...IT SUDDENLY DAWNED ON ME WHILE I WAS IN HIS OFFICE THAT I COULDN'T AFFORD TO LOSE THIS JOB!
WHO ELSE IS GOING TO HIRE ME? I'M USELESS! I'M TOTALLY UN-EMPLOYABLE!
...BUT ONCE I GOT HOME I FELT MORTIFIED AT HOW DISGUSTING AND DEPRAVED I HAD ACTED...
..I COULDN'T IMAGINE HOW I COULD SHOW MY FACE AT WORK EVER AGAIN...
THAT'S WHEN I DECIDED TO CUT MY HAIR OFF AS AN ACT OF TOTAL SELF-DEGRADATION!
..THE POTATO SACK WAS A LAST MINUTE ADDITION IN ORDER TO UNDERSCORE MY POINT...
I WAS GONNA SHOW UP FOR WORK LOOKING LIKE THIS...
BUT... WHY?
TO SHOW ELLIOT—AND YOU, AND ALL THE OTHER SLEAZEBAGS THAT WORK THERE—THAT I'M ON TO YOU!
YOU ALL TREAT WOMEN LIKE GARBAGE, AND THIS IS THE END RESULT!
FEAST YOUR EYES, YOU BASTARD!
IT'S YOU MEN THAT DID THIS TO ME!
I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED!

BUT, ELLIOT SAID IT WAS ALL YOUR IDEA...
I KNOW, I KNOW... DON'T REMIND ME...
THAT'S WHY I CHICKENED OUT AT THE LAST MOMENT, AND SPENT THE WHOLE DAY HIDING BACK HERE..
SLUMP!
OH GOD, IT WAS SO GROSS..
HE EVEN HAD FOOD IN HIS BEARD WHILE HE WENT DOWN ON ME...
EEYUCK...
WHY DO I DO SUCH THINGS?! WHY? WHY?
YES, WHY DO YOU?...
HOW THE HELL DO I KNOW?!
IT'S BECAUSE I'M AN IDIOT! I'M TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL!
I BELONG OUT HERE WITH THE TRASH!
I DESERVE TO BE BANISHED FROM THE VILLAGE!
WELL?!? DON'T YOU AGREE?!
ERRR.. WELL, YEAH, KINDA...
..*SIGH*.. I SUPPOSE YOU ALL HAD A BIG LAUGH AT MY EXPENSE TODAY...
NO, NOT REALLY... I'M PRETTY SURE I'M THE ONLY ONE THAT ELLIOT CONFIDED IN...
PLOP!
USED BOOK
OH? SO WHAT ELSE DID HE SAY ABOUT ME...
OH, NOT MUCH ELSE...
...JUST THAT HE'S IN LOVE WITH YOU, AND THAT HE WANTS TO MARRY YOU..
HHRPP!

HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE LIKE THIS!
OH NO? WHY NOT?
USED BOOK EMPORIUM
BECAUSE! I'M TOO EMBARRASSED TO BE SEEN THIS WAY ALONE! YOU HAVE TO TAKE ME HOME WITH YOU!
OH I DO, DO I? THINK AGAIN, SHERLOCK...
AW C'MON, BUDDY! BE A PAL!
NO!
OH, I GET IT! YOU'RE TOO GOOD TO BE SEEN WITH THE LIKES OF ME, IS THAT IT? HUH, MISTER LOSER?
MR. LOSER WHOSE GIRL-FRIEND DUMPED HIM!
JUST IGNORE HER... LET PEOPLE THINK SHE'S TALKING TO SOMEONE ELSE...
?
!
HEY, I GOT NEWS FOR YA, PAL! VALERIE WAS CHEATING ON YOU THE WHOLE TIME YOU WERE GOING OUT WITH HER, AND YOU NEVER HAD A CLUE!
WHADDAYA THINK OF THAT, CASA-NOVA!
GRRRR...
IN FACT ME 'N' VAL USED TO "GET IT ON" ALL THE TIME WHILE WE WERE ROOMMATES..
YESSIRREE-BOB, WE'D BE BUMPIN' PUSSY 'TIL THE COWS CAME HOME...
SHUT-UP! JUST SHUT-UP!! THAT'S ENOUGH OUTTA YOU!

UH-OH, LOOKS LIKE I STRUCK A NERVE. TEE-HEE...
JUST STAY AWAY FROM ME, YOU HEAR ME? JUST STAY AWAY!
HEY! STOP THROWING ROCKS!
THEY'RE NOT ROCKS! THEY'RE PINE-CONES, YOU IDIOT!
BONK
..."LET HE WHO IS WITHOUT SIN CAST THE FIRST PINECONE"!
...THAT DOES IT...I'M OUTTA HERE...
HEY, WAIT UP! I CAN'T RUN IN MY BARE FEET!
BUDDY! WAIT FOR ME! PUL-LEEZE!
OH GHOD, THIS IS SO EM-BARRASSING...
VIDEO GAMES
'SCUSE ME..
HEY!
PARDON ME...
WHAAAAAA...
WHY IS THAT POOR CRAZY WOMAN CRYING?
I THINK THAT GUY WHO JUST RAN BY DID SOMETHING TO HER...
JUST GET ME HOME ALIVE, THAT'S ALL I ASK...

LATER...
I WONDER IF SHE'S STILL OUT THERE...
I GUESS IT'S WORTH RISKING A PEEK..
OH NO! THREE WHOLE HOURS AND SHE HASN'T MOVED A MUSCLE!
WHAT DOES SHE WANT FROM ME?
SHE LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF A DE-RANGED WAIF OUT THERE...
..THOUGH I GOTTA ADMIT SHE LOOKS ODDLY CUTE IN THAT POTATO SACK...
DON'T ASK ME WHY...
OH WELL, I GUESS I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO WAIT HER OUT..
I'LL TRY READING THIS BOOK TO HELP KEEP MY MIND OFF OF HER...
TAP, TAP, TAP, TAP, TAP, TAP, TAP...
?!? WHO'S MAKING THAT TAPPING NOISE UPON MY PARLOR DOOR? COULD IT BE?..
OH, GREAT! SHE'S NOT THERE ANYMORE!
SHE MUST'VE SNUCK IN SOMEHOW!
...TIP, TIP, TAP, TAP, TIP.. SCRITCH, SCRITCH, SCRATCH, SCRATCH... TIP, TIP, TAP, TAP, TIP...
ARRGH! THAT SOUND IS DRIVING ME CRAZY!
GO AWAY! LEAVE ME ALONE!
THAT DOES IT! I'M GONNA PUT AN END TO THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL.
..TIP TAP TIP..

C'MERE, YOU!
EEK!
YANK!
NOW SIT HERE! AND DON'T YOU MOVE AN INCH!
?!?
SHOVE!
W-W- WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?
YOU'LL FIND OUT.. NOW WHERE ARE THOSE SCISSORS..
A-HA! THERE THEY ARE...
SNATCH!
SNIP! SNIP! SNIP!
EEEK! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THOSE?
NEVER YOU MIND...
HEH, HEH..
..JUST KEEP STILL WHILE I SNIP A NEW HOLE IN THIS "DRESS" OF YOURS...
GASP!
SNIP! SNIP!
C-C-CAREFUL...
SNIP! SNIP! SNIP! SNIP!
N-N-NOW WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
TOSS!
...NOW I'M GOING TO PORK IT. .
EEEEK!!!
LEAP!

15 MINUTES LATER...
MAN, I MUST'VE BEEN HORNIER THAN I THOUGHT...
HOW SO?
BECAUSE I WAS SHTUPPIN' YOU SO FRANTICALLY THAT I DIDN'T REALIZE THE BOTTOM OF MY PECKER WAS SCRAPING AG-AINST THAT BURLAP BAG YOU'RE WEARING, AND NOW I'M ALL SORE DOWN THERE...
SERVES YA RIGHT, YA BASTARD...
OOCH!
?!? OH, THAT'S RIGHT, YOU PROBABLY HATE MY GUTS NOW FOR "DATE RAPING" YOU...
"DATE RAPE"— HAH! DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF, TOUGH GUY! YOU DID EXACTLY WHAT I WANTED YOU TO DO...
REALLY? HOW DO YOU FIGURE?
OH, WE GALS HAVE OUR WAYS OF MAKING YOU GUYS JUMP THROUGH HOOPS...
OH YEAH? HOW, BY CUTTING ALL YOUR HAIR OFF WITH A DULL STEAK KNIFE?
LAUGH ALL YOU WANT, BUT IT'S TRUE..
LIKE, NOW YOU'RE GOING TO LET ME SLEEP OVER WITH YOU TONIGHT, RIGHT?
WHAT?!? SLEEP OVER?! NO WAY!
OH, PLEASE, BUDDY! I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK TO MY LONELY OLD APARTMENT! I WANT TO STAY HERE WITH YOU! PUL-LEEZE?!? PRETTY PLEASE? PRETTY PLEASE WITH SUGAR ON TOP?
LEAP!
ARRRGH...
WELL, OKAY, BUT ON ONE CONDITION: YOU FORGET ABOUT THE BOOKSTORE, AND START LOOKING FOR A NEW JOB TOMORROW MORNING...
A NEW JOB? NO! ANYTHING BUT THAT! I'M TOO SCARED!

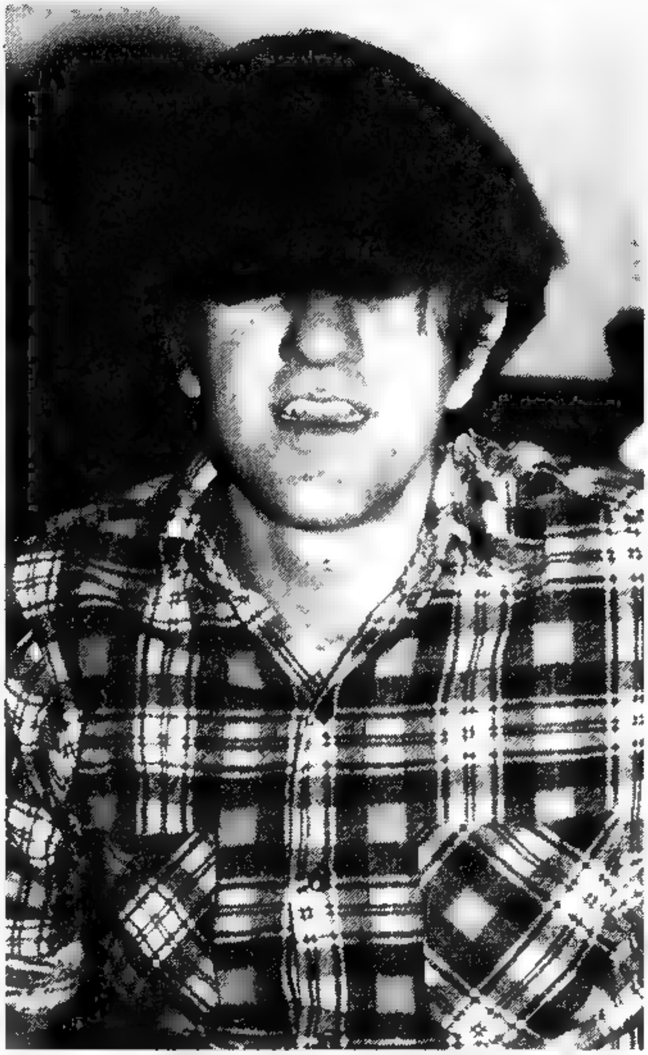
LOOK LISA, BOTH YOU KNOW AND I KNOW THAT WE CAN'T BOTH KEEP WORKING AT THE SAME PLACE OR WE'LL WIND UP KILLING EACH OTHER!
...YOU'LL FIND ANOTHER JOB, DON'T WORRY...
BUT WHAT IF I DON'T? WHAT WILL I DO FOR MONEY? IF I DON'T PAY MY RENT BY THE 15th THEY'LL KICK ME OUT!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT— IF YOU DON'T FIND A JOB YOU CAN STAY HERE WITH ME UNTIL YOU DO...
REALLY?
OKAY, YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A DEAL!
OH MY GOD, WHAT HAVE I DONE?
LEAP!
...AND NOW MY FEMININE WILES ARE ORDERING YOU TO CARRY ME INTO YOUR BEDROOM.. REMEMBER, A DEAL'S A DEAL...
YES MA'AM...
JESUS, WHAT IF, SHE DOESN'T GET A JOB? THEN I'M STUCK!
...AND I HAVE TO SLEEP ON THE SIDE NEAREST THE DOOR, 'CAUSE I GO TO THE BATHROOM A LOT...
SHE PROBABLY WON'T GET A JOB EITHER, THE WAY SHE LOOKS NOW...
UMPF!
OH MAN, I'M SUCH A SUCKER...
NEXT MORNING.
GROANNN... WHAT TIME IS IT?...
—HEY, WHERE'D LISA GO?
HMMM... SHE SURE VACATED THE PLACE BRIGHT AND EARLY...
MAYBE SHE DID HEAD STRAIGHT OUT TO FIND A JOB, JUST LIKE SHE SAID SHE WOULD...
ITCH, ITCH...
SCRATCH, SCRATCH...
HUH. MAYBE I WAS WORRYING OVER NOTHING, AND SHE WILL FIND A JOB, AND EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT FINE..
MAYBE ALL SHE NEEDED WAS A GOOD SCREWIN' TO GET HER TO START FUNCTIONING PROPERLY AGAIN...
A LACK O' NOOKIE CAN MAKE ANYONE ACT A LITTLE GOOFY...
I SHOULD KNOW...

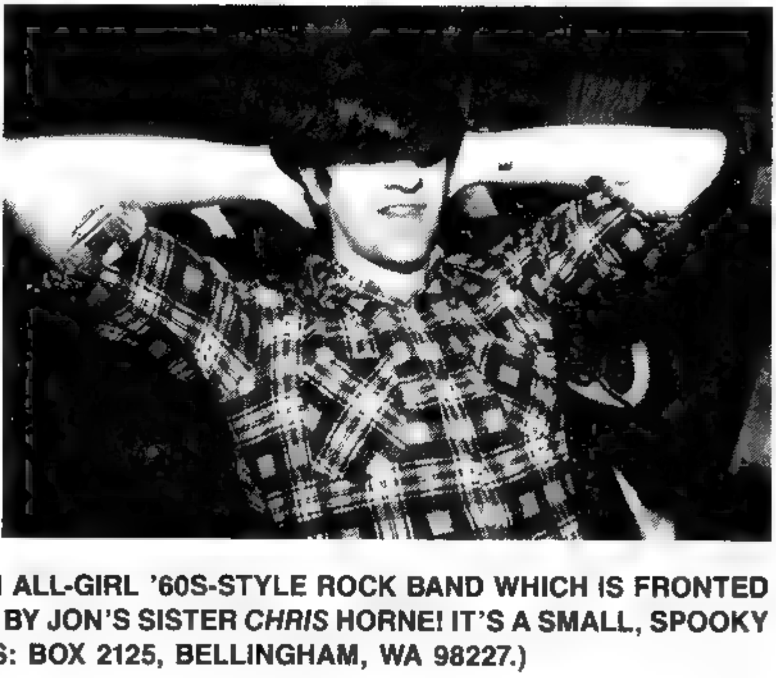
LATER...
USED
MAYBE I WAS TOO HARSH ON LISA, AND THAT SHE WOULD HAVE WORKED OUT HERE AT THE BOOKSTORE AFTERALL...
YA NEVER KNOW.
BOOK EMPORIUM
STILL, IT'S FOR THE BEST THAT SHE FIND A JOB ELSEWHERE...
MISTER BRADLEY, YOU'RE TEN MINUTES LATE!
HUH?!? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE OUT LOOKING FOR A NEW JOB!
THIS IS MY NEW JOB, SEE? I'M THE NEW ASSISTANT MANAGER!
ASSISTANT MANAGER?!? WHY YOU...
THAT'S RIGHT! AND AS SUCH I MUST WARN YOU THAT I WILL NOT TOLERATE SUCH TARDINESS IN THE FUTURE!
USED BOOK EMPORIUM
HELLO MY NAME IS
ISA
ASST. MGR.
GRRRRR... I'LL TARDY YOU, YOU LITTLE...
I'LL "ASST. MGR." YOUR ASS..
STRANGLE! CHOKE!
ACK! ACK!
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MY FIANCÉE?
"FIANCÉE?!" ...SLOWLY I TURNED...STEP BY STEP...
UNHAND HER THIS INSTANT, MR. BRADLEY, OR I MAY HAVE TO USE FORCE..
GAG *KOFF*
TWO DAYS LATER.
...OH, I TOLD YOU SO, I TOLD YOU SO, ALL THE LIVE LONG DAY...
...DIRTY ROTTEN... MUTTERSWEAR ...
WANT ADS
SAY BUDDY, DON'T YOU WISH ALL WOMEN WERE JUST LIKE LISA? I KNOW I DO!
THE END

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ALLOW ME TO PRESENT:

BUDDY BRADLEY!

ACTUALLY, HIS NAME IS JON HORNE, AND HE WORKS AT A TOWER RECORDS IN NYC, NY, BUT WHEN I RECEIVED THIS PHOTO AT LEFT ON THE DAY BEFORE THE DEADLINE (JAN. 1ST, 1992, FOR ALL YOU LAZY MORONS WHO ARE *STILL* ENTERING) IN A FED-EX PACKAGE SENT AT COMPANY EXPENSE WITH A "TESTIMONIAL" THAT READ, SIMPLY, "I AM JUST LIKE BUDDY BRADLEY. . . BECAUSE I *AM* JUST LIKE BUDDY BRADLEY," I SAID TO MYSELF, "JESUS CHRIST, THIS MOTHERFUCKER *IS* BUDDY BRADLEY!" SO THERE YOU HAVE IT. LIFE IMITATES ART AND VERSE VISA. SEND THIS MAN MONEY, SOILED PANTIES, WHATEVER, 'CAUSE HE DESERVES IT. HE IS NOW OFFICIALLY A "WINNER," AND YOU SHOULD LOVE HIM FOR IT! (OF COURSE, WE COULD TELL YOU ALL ABOUT HOW IN AN ATTEMPT TO SAVE MONEY HE LET A CO-WORKER BUTCHER HIS HAIR AND HOW WE HAD TO WAIT 'TIL THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT FOR IT TO GET LONG ENOUGH AGAIN SO THAT ACE PHOTOG DAVID CARRINO COULD SNAP THE COVER PHOTO, BUT WE'LL SPARE YOU THE DETAILS. IT'S ALL TOO BUDDY BRADLEYISH.)





NEPOTISM DEPT.: ALL THE WHILE JON H. WAS WINNING THE BUDDY B. LOOK-A-LIKE CONTEST, I WAS DOING THIS 45 COVER FOR THE BROOD, AN ALL-GIRL '60S-STYLE ROCK BAND WHICH IS FRONTED — I FOUND OUT MUCH LATER — BY JON'S SISTER *CHRIS* HORNE! IT'S A SMALL, SPOOKY WORLD. (ON ESTRUS RECORDS: BOX 2125, BELLINGHAM, WA 98227.)

HOW WOULD YOU DEFINE THE *ULTIMATE* LOSER? HOW ABOUT SOMEONE WHO ENTERS THE BUDDY-LOOK-A-LIKE CONTEST AND *LOSES*! LIKE FOR EXAMPLE . . .

RUNNER-UP #1: ZAK MICHELETTI OF MPLS, MN

(THE LAND OF 10,000 BUDDIES)

THE YOUNG, BUDDING (HA-HA!) CARTOONIST'S REASONS FOR ENTERING ARE "THE OBVIOUS — TO GET A GIRLFRIEND AND WIN FREE "STUFF." PLUS HIS FRIENDS ALL INSIST THAT HE LOOKS AND ACTS JUST LIKE THE BUDSTER, YET WHILE HE'LL ADMIT TO THE FORMER HE INSISTS THAT HE IS "*NOT* BUDDY BRADLEY, I'M ABSOLUTELY NOTHING LIKE HIM AT ALL!" OKAY, ZAK, I BELIEVE YOU. THEREFORE: *YOU LOSE*! AND NOT ONLY THAT, YOU OWE ME FIVE — COUNT 'EM, 5 — DRINKS! (RIGHT NOW ZAK IS SCREAMING, "FUCK YOU, BAGGE! I DON'T OWE YOU SHIT!")

RUNNER-UP #2: STEVE WATSON OF S.F., CA

PORTRAIT OF STEVE WATSON BY CHAS GLYNN

STEVE WAS RELUCTANT TO ENTER THIS CONTEST, PARTLY OUT OF LAZINESS, AND PARTLY DUE TO THE FACT THAT HE *ISN'T STUPID* — BUT WAS *PUSHED* INTO IT BY HIS FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES, MANY OF WHOM SENT IN TESTIMONIALS + PORTRAITS POINTING OUT HIS ESSENTIAL BUDDINESS. I EVEN GOT ONE FROM AN *EX-EMPLOYER* WHO OWNS A *USED BOOKSTORE*, WHO NOTICED HIS INVENTORY DIMINISHING SOON AFTER HE HIRED HIM, AND THAT THE PLACE WAS FULL OF NEUROTIC WOMEN WHO CLAIMED HE OWED THEM MONEY. FINALLY, HIS GIRLFRIEND KIM GOES ON AT CONSIDERABLE LENGTH ABOUT ALL OF THE ATTRIBUTES THAT STEVE SHARES WITH BUDDY TO THE POINT THAT MY CREDULITY BONE IS STRETCHED TO THE MAX. BUT THEN AGAIN, WHY WOULD SHE MAKE THESE THINGS UP? TO MAKE HIM "LOOK GOOD"? SAYS KIM: "IN THE PAST 8 YEARS HE HASN'T CHANGED A BIT. HE'S LIKE A PUNK ROCK DORIAN GRAY OR SOMETHING. HE JUST GETS PROGRESSIVELY MORE AND MORE BUDDYESQUE."

BUDDIES, BUDDIES, AND MORE BUDDIES!

HOWARD OLSEN OF SF, CA DIDN'T WIN *SASSY* MAGAZINE'S "SASSIEST BOY IN AMERICA" CONTEST, AND IS TRYING AGAIN FOR SOME "MEDIA EXPOSURE."

MIKE CLARK OF PORTLAND, OR, WHO *WAS* THE WINNER OF THE "SASSIEST BOY IN AMERICA" CONTEST AND WANTS TO BE "HUMILIATED IN YET ANOTHER NATIONAL PUBLICATION."

CHRIS CARBONE OF SEATTLE, WA: "I'VE GOT A ZIPPO LIGHTER AND I *USE* IT!"

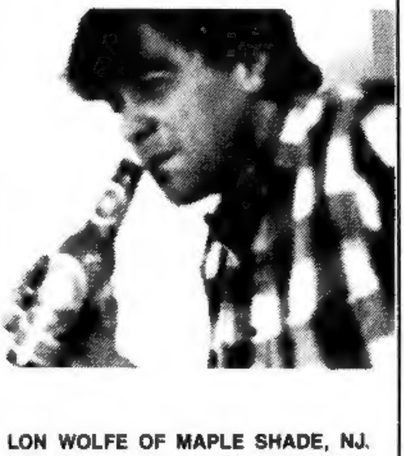
BOB FAY OF PROVIDENCE, RI. SAYS FRIEND: "YOU PRACTICALLY HAVE TO WIPE CYNICAL VIBES OFF PIC WITH A TOWEL."

WHO NEEDS KURTZMAN? STEVE LEACH OF YORK, PA, SOAKS UP SOME VINTAGE MORT TODD.

PAUL SHERIDAN OF TORONTO, ONT, NEXT TO HIS LOVIE + KEELY RECORDS AND HIS "OODLES OF T.V.'S." HIS BEST FRIEND'S NAME IS STINKY, TOO!

PHIL MILSTEIN'S PAL, DANA NATCH OF BOSTON, MA: "MANGY AND DISREPUTABLE."

JOHN DAVIS OF BOWLING GREEN, KY SENT IN THIS PICTURE (HOW COME NO ONE ENTERED *ANDY CAPP*?)

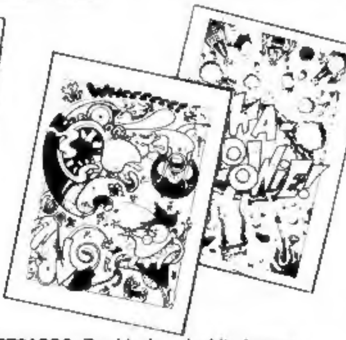


LON WOLFE OF MAPLE SHADE, NJ. YES, IT'S HIM AGAIN, ONLY THIS TIME HE'S USING A *FAKE* PHOTO! THE CHEATER!

THANKS TO EVERYONE ELSE WHO ENTERED. SORRY WE COULDN'T RUN ALL THE ENTRIES, BUT BE HAPPY IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT WE ALL HAD A BIG LAUGH AT YOUR EXPENSE!

PETE'S GRAB-BAGGE (GET IT?)

NEAT STUFF #2, #3, #4, and #6: By popular demand (we all agreed we could use the money), we're now reprinting *Neat Stuff* #6 as well. No #5 yet, and #1 still isn't back in print yet, but them's the breaks. ($3.00 each.)



POSTCARDS: Ten black-and-white images from *Hate* and *Neat Stuff* that you can mail to your friends, or, if you don't have any friends, keep for yourself. $4.95.

HEY, BUDDY! RUBBER STAMP: Buddy Bradley captured in a diecut 2" x 2 3/4" inch stamp. Sorry, ink pad not included. $7.95.

"WE ALL SCREAM FOR HEROIN" T-SHIRT: Classic image from *Hate* #8, of Buddy's first meeting with the band, rendered in color. *Much* cooler than any old Nirvana T-shirt. Please specify size: M, L, XL.

GIRLY-GIRL CLOISONNE PIN. This full-color 1 1/4" inch pin makes a perfect gift for the Girly-Girl in *your* life. $6.95.

STUPID COMICS: All the NEAT STUFF we couldn't fit in the other books, including Girly-Girl, Goon in the Moon, etc. $11.50

JUNIOR AND OTHER LOSERS: Collects tales of Junior, Chet and Bunny Leeway, as well as the notorious "Reject." $14.50

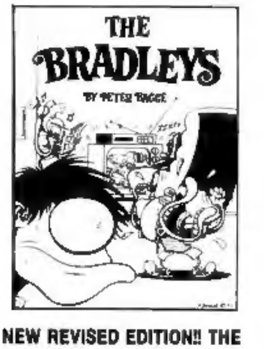
STUDS KIRBY: "THE VOICE OF AMERICA": The biggest asshole in comics gets his own book. Dare you miss it? $11.00

HATE T-SHIRT. White T-shirt with Buddy Bradley's ugly mug plastered in front and a motto suitable for the '90s. Bright black and red colors. Please specify size: M, L, XL.

TWO BAGGE BUTTONS: "Hate" and Buddy's mug head-on. Only $2.00 for both!

5-BUTTON SET, incl. two Bagge buttons, plus more. $4.50 for all five!

HATE #1-8: Because you demanded it, and because we need the money, issues #1-4 of the HARVEY AWARD-WINNING comic book are back in print again! Don't miss your second chance at these! $2.50 each.



NEW REVISED EDITION!! THE BRADLEYS, featuring an additional 36 pages of never-before-collected comics (including "Buddy the Weasel," the full-length "bridge" between *Neat Stuff* and *Hate*) and a brand new cover! $15.95.

Send me the following (all prices include postage and handling):

- ☐ Neat Stuff #2 ($3.00) ☐ Neat Stuff #3 ($3.00)
- ☐ Neat Stuff #4 ($3.00) ☐ Neat Stuff #6 ($3.00)
- ☐ Bagge Postcards ($4.95)
- ☐ Rubber Stamp ($7.95) ☐ Cloisonne Pin ($6.95)
- ☐ Studs Kirby: The Voice of America ($11.00)
- ☐ Junior and Other Losers ($14.50)
- ☐ The Bradleys ($15.50) ☐ Stupid Comics ($11.50)

Back issues of Hate ($2.50 each):
☐ #1 ☐ #2 ☐ #3 ☐ #4 ☐ #5 ☐ #6 ☐ #7 ☐ #8 ☐ #9

- ☐ Buttons, mixed lot ($4.50) ☐ Bagge Buttons ($2.00)
- ☐ 6-issue sub to *Hate* beginning with _____ ($12.00)
- ☐ Vomit Glossary Poster ($5.00)
- ☐ Hate T-Shirt ($16.95) ☐M ☐L ☐XL
- ☐ We All Scream for Heroin T-Shirt ($16.95) ☐M ☐L ☐XL

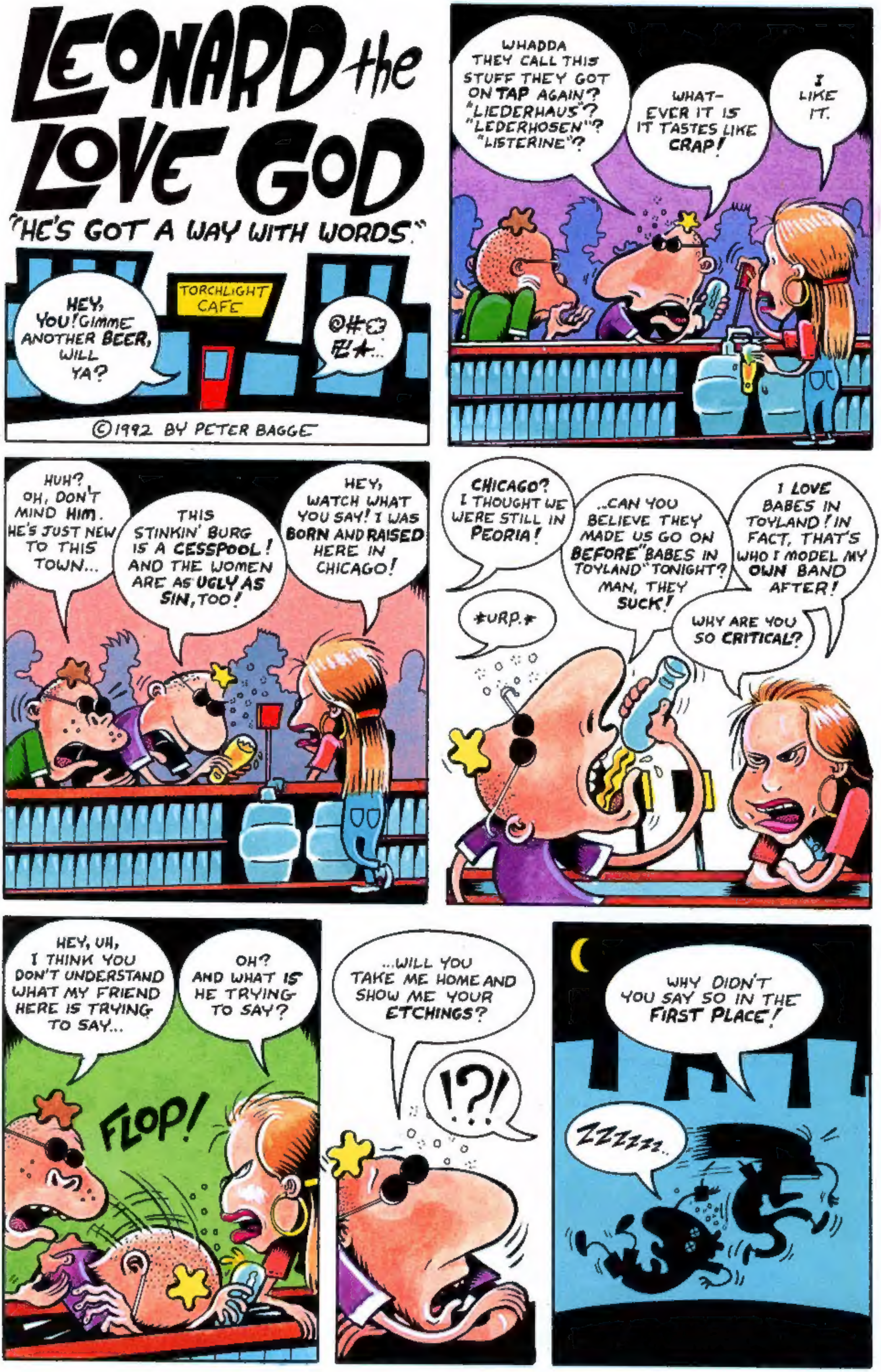
name ______________________

address ______________________

city ______________________

state ______ zip ______

Send to: FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, 7563 Lake City Way, Seattle, WA 98115. Foreign orders enclose additional 25¢ per comic, 50¢ per book. All orders to be paid in American money (check or money order). Expect six to eight weeks delivery, as we have to spend all your money before sending you your stuff.



LEONARD the LOVE GOD
"HE'S GOT A WAY WITH WORDS"
HEY, YOU! GIMME ANOTHER BEER, WILL YA?
TORCHLIGHT CAFE
@#✪ ⁉★...
©1992 BY PETER BAGGE
WHADDA THEY CALL THIS STUFF THEY GOT ON TAP AGAIN? "LIEDERHAUS"? "LEDERHOSEN"? "LISTERINE"?
WHAT-EVER IT IS IT TASTES LIKE CRAP!
I LIKE IT.
HUH? OH, DON'T MIND HIM. HE'S JUST NEW TO THIS TOWN...
THIS STINKIN' BURG IS A CESSPOOL! AND THE WOMEN ARE AS UGLY AS SIN, TOO!
HEY, WATCH WHAT YOU SAY! I WAS BORN AND RAISED HERE IN CHICAGO!
CHICAGO? I THOUGHT WE WERE STILL IN PEORIA!
...CAN YOU BELIEVE THEY MADE US GO ON BEFORE "BABES IN TOYLAND" TONIGHT? MAN, THEY SUCK!
I LOVE BABES IN TOYLAND! IN FACT, THAT'S WHO I MODEL MY OWN BAND AFTER!
URP.
WHY ARE YOU SO CRITICAL?
HEY, UH, I THINK YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT MY FRIEND HERE IS TRYING TO SAY...
OH? AND WHAT IS HE TRYING TO SAY?
FLOP!
...WILL YOU TAKE ME HOME AND SHOW ME YOUR ETCHINGS?
!?!
WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO IN THE FIRST PLACE!
ZZZzzz..

W
A
S
DCP